

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY,

AS WRITTEN BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A COMPLETE GLOSSARY.

The Gentle Shepherd sate beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brier,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did here.

SPENCER, p 1113.

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M DCC XCVI.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SUSANNA,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability, to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to choose some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, The Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTON, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgement, shine with uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, *herr*, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer: since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of

the herald and the historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature. But what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence? Very true, but I have the liberty to use the poet's privilege, which is, 'To speak what every body thinks. Indeed, there might be some truth in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: But the Bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiseworthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear:—But if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall evanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini; and sing with Ovid,

“ If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,

“ One half of round eternity is mine.

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

Edinburgh, June 1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blissful plains;
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st, approve,
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears;
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate:
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And blushing, beauteous, smiles the kind consent!
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In CHARLOT'S smile, or in MARIA'S frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *rural state* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
Nor wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heaven has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair HUMEIA's soul.

But now the *rural state* these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.

Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She, uninvited, came a welcome guest.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers' blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh *happiness*! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd;

Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah, why unkind,
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait,
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth or mix the bowl?
Or, with the industrious planter, dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd power,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In *STAIR*'s wisdom, or in *ERSKINE*'s charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue knows the Power to dwell.
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurst,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
Unlike, O, *EGLINTON*! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame!
Bold in thy presence *bashfulness* appears,
And backward *merit* loses all its fears.

Supremely blest by heaven, heaven's richest grace
Confest is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possesst,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely EGLINTONS of other days.

Mean while pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years;
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;
While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O EGLINTON! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.

INSCRIBED TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE nipping rosts and driving sna
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay and bra,
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muse, skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath some tree,
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has sae courteously
To weaker sight,*
Set these rude sonnets, sung by me,
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine;
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name:
For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my Pastoral poems into English,
justly and elegantly.

Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands,
Where BRITAIN'S royal fleet doth ride,
Which still commands.

These doughty actions fra his pen,*
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,
How free-born BRITONS faught like men,
Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, sir, to you,
This country sang, my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous prayer;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
Of a that's good,
Till unto langest life and mair
You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sour,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r,
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

* His valuable Naval History.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with *Peggy*.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with *Jenny*.

SYMON and GLAUD, two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir *William*.

BAULDY, a Hind, engaged with *Neps*.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be *Glaud's* Niece.

JENNY, *Glaud's* only Daughter.

MAUSE, an Old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.

ELSPA, *Symon's* Wife.

MADGE, *Glaud's* Sister.

SCENE, a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, within Twenty-four Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day light next Morning.



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The waking of the Faulds.*

PATIE.

*My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sa sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a that's rare,*

*My Peggy speaks sa sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a my spirits glow,
At waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And nathing gi'es me sic delight
As waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play:
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
At waking of the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesome is't to snuff the cawler air,
And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad and great,
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:

But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall lothe the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of wardly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I say ; but it's no easy done
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out of tune.
You ha'e sa saft a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs syne up their leglens cleek ;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part :
If that be true what signifies your gear ?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were ; yet I these ills endur'd :
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perish'd in the sna'.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less ye wad loss, and less ye wad repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep ;
The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss !
O, may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench ;

'Till bris'd beneath the burthen thou cry dool,
And own that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I sauld them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, w' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound ;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast ;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens !
Daft are your dreams, as daftly ye wad hide
Your well-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride :
Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e guess'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you :
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint ;
To speak but till her, I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unco blate.
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the car ;
Bat gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Patie. But Bauldy lo'es na her, right weel I wat ;
He sighs for Neps :—sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'd na lo'e her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like ;
E'en while he fawn'd, she strake the poor dumb tyke !

If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldrie's scorn.
Last night I play'd (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte ;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Giff she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd—
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbet chuck ?
Yonder's a craig : since ye ha'e tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Roger. I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whining way,
Seem careless, there's my hand you'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about :
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee ;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw nae me ;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw ;
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek ;
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her een sae clear ;
And, O ! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.

Neat, neat she was, in bustain waistcoat clean;
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green,
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg come here,
 I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer;
 But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew:
 She scour'd awa', and said—What's that to you?
 Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
 She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;
 Misca'd me first—then bade me hound my dog
 To wear up three waff'ews stray'd on the bog.
 I leugh; and sae did she: then wi' great haste,
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste;
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth.
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spake.
 Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsak her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune, Fye gar rub her o'er wae stra.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindly with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
 For women in a man delight:
 But them despise who're soon defate,
 And wi' a simple face give way
 To a repulse—then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.*

*When maidens innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue:
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 't is too late.*

Roger. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay sae cadgy, and ha'e sic an art
To hearten ane: For now as cleen's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mither, rest her saul! she made it fine)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue;
With spraings like gowd and siller, cross'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, haud ye there——and since ye've frankly
made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's sae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, you best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time, bannocks and a shave o' cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
 To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
 When we ha'e tane the grace, drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowerie Howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths :
 A trotting burnie whimpling through the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth and round ;
 Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear ;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear ;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow ;
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and makes a singand din ;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
 Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass,
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,
 And when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,
 There wash oursells—'t is healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us sae ? that jeering fallow Pate,
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight ;
The lads they 're feeding far beyont the height :
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we 're our lane,)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain ?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I :
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,
He 's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end,
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and goes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug ;
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee :
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair :
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say ;
Except, *How d' ye ?—or, There's a bonny day.*

Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride ;
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide :
But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
What like's a dorty maiden when she 's auld ?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet ;
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the green.*

*The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld ;
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld :*

*The dawted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats though hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at it's meat,
And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I——But love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger be my jo, he kens himsel;
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free:
The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your wa's; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Heh, lass! how can you looe that rattle-skull?
A very deel that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. *Tune, O, dear mother, what shall I do.*

*O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust its smiling:
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.*

*Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life destroys
Hartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
'Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head,
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's geud,
And what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak mickle o' ye wi' an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane;
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think h's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the niest he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like music through my heart.
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill.
 He is—but what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure;
 Ill-nature heffs in sauls that's weak and poor.

Jenny. Hey bonny lass of Branksome! or 't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O, it is a pleasant thing to be a bride:
 Syne whinging getts about your ingle side,
 Yelping for this or that with fashous din:
 To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, and scalds itsel wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The deil gaes o'er Jock Webster; hame grows hell;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

SANG V. *Tune,* How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour, weak, silly fallows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife,
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.

Wow, Jenny ! can there greater pleasure be,
 Then see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
 When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like o' them, when love maks care delight ?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a' :
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw ;
 But little love or canty chear can come,
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay——
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But, on the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 Wi' glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent ;
 'Tis not to gie, your merchant's to the bent :
 His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear ;
 Syne driven fra house and hald, where will ye steer ?
 Dear Meg be wise, and lead a single life :
 Troth, 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's required ; let Heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A weel stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,

And win the vogue at market, trone or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo;
Shall first be sauld to pay the laird his due.
Syne a' behind's our ain—thus without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for a wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his ha'f worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we;
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind,
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art,
To keep him chearfu' and secure his heart.
At e'en when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will;
In winter when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth stane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff:
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford.
Good humour, and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
 That in return defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single—(a state sae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae,
 Lies darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nancy's to the green wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heart-strings lead us.*

Peggy. Alake! poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Giff he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun

To freath the graith—if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
 But when we've done I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
 For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green :
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre :
 A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glaud's---there you may see him lean,
 And to his divet seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud.

GOOD morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
 And gies your cracks—What's a' the news in town ?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And sald your crummock, and her bassen'd quey.
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut and dry ;
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart ; and tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy :
 I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell you things ha'e taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stand like fleas,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chiels ne'er stand
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
 Whilk soon flies round like will-fire, far and near :
 But louse your poke, be't true or false let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing; Glaud, and I ha'e seen
 Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been;
 Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate to save his head:
 Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
 To shine, or set in glory wi' Montrose.
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk,
 Has plaid the Rumble a right slee begunk;
 Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
 And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

SANG VII. *Tune, Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.*

*Cauld be the rebels' cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody;
 I hope we'll see them at the last,
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.*

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw;
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
 And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
 And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
 Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do't again;
 And good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;

Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claihs.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare :
' Put on your bonnet, Symon ;—tak a seat——
' How's a' at hame ?—How's Elspa ?—How does Kate ?
' How sells black cattle ?—What gie's woo this year ?'
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII. *Tune*, Mucking of Geordy's byre.

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free ;
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour,
To rise aboon poverty.
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd will tumble down faint ;
Thus virtue, by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear nibour will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day ?
We'll send for Elspa too—and upo' sight,
I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight :
I'll yoke my sled and send to the niest town,
And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown ;
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :

For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furlet o' good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting i' the nook.
 I saw, mysell, or I came o'er the loan,
 The meikle pat that scads the whey put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil——and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Sma' are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice,
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice.
 Fat are the puddings—head and feet weel sung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon wi' glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame.
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi' you a' your family, and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'rsell, auld birky; never fear,
 But at your banquet I sall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! Troth, I'm younger by a score,
 Wi' this good news, than what I was before;
 I'll dance or een! Hey, Madge! come forth, d'ye hear?

MADGE enters.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome
 here:

What wa'd ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff——Gae brak your wheel, and burn
 your tow,
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low:

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed!—And wha was 't tald you o't?

Glaud. What 's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobbit bands,
My white skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'rsels as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sim bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the
gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad ha'e 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms, and ha'f-raised looks, ye see.

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell
To be sae burnt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O, Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her!—waes me! and she loes Pate;
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,

Made a daft vow!—Oh! but ane be a beast,
 That maks rash aiths, till he's afore the priest.
 I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis sair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Mausy lives; a witch, that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantrips, and gi'e me advice;
 She can o'er cast the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the de'ils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out o' their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's and snakes;
 Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates; and gars expire
 Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire,
 Stuck fou of pins; the devilish pictures melt;
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fou weel,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the de'il.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard;
 To speak my errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that de'ils and lasses drive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail yard; a little fount,
Where water popland springs:
There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX. *Tune, Carle an' the King comes.*

MAUSE.

*Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Na mair the hawkies shalt thou miik,
But change thy plaiding coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.*

BAULDY enters.

Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough o' baith—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possest,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Bauldy. The word that gangs, how ye're so wise and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell.

Mause. What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilka ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night through the shaw,
And tint himsell amaist amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the howdy under night;
When Bawsy shot to dead upo' the green;
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about;
And sae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I niest mak grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a furlet of them, mixt with pease.

Mause. I thank ye, lad—Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend a helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like Peggy—Neps is fond o' me—
Peggy likes Pate—and Pate is bauld and slee,
And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see—
Could ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me.—I'd be the happiest man.

Mause. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
Worth a' your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

Bauldy. Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raise the de'il, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will mak the night sa mirk, I'll tyne the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's, at a feast,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our diff'rent 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Mause. 'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I ought o' your secrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit.

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out o' fashion, and a lanely bield,
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatfu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because, by education, I was taught
To speak and aft aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens but me; and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 PATIE and his PEGGY meet ;
 In love without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and cheerfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy. O, Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay ;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon ; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane :
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark, how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads !
 How saft the westlin winds sough through the reeds !

Peggy. The scented meadows, birds, and healthy breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me sair, to doubt my being kind,
 In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind :
 Gif I could fancy ought sae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear ;
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble through the merl or mavis' throats :
 Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield ;
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay—ye, joker, let me gang,
Another lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to climb—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by a' aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith.—But mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a-year.
Now, I believe, ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Though we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy-know or rashy-strand;
Thou, smiling by my side—I took delite
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white.
Of which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and snood.

Peggy. When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ewes first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells,
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,

Nae birns, or briers, or whins, ere troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day my heart was flight'ring fain :
At a' thae sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie. Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowden knows*,
And Rosey lilt the *Milking of the Ews* :
There's nane like Nancy, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lawder* Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings wi' sweeter skill,
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me :
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can lasses trow what they desire,
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But who loves best let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X. *Tune, The Yellow hair'd Ladie.*

PEGGY.

*When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the boughting forgather'd wi' thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-belks
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran or wrestled, or puttèd the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden-Broom-Knows,
And Rosey liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing,
And Thro' the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For though they sing nicely, they can't sing like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire!
Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To mak myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Patie. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At naught they'll ferly—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er could win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;
But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty far excels them a';
Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiss,
Or fivescore good anes wad na be amiss ;
And syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Patie. ——— Well, I agree.

SANG XI. To its aine tune.

PATIE.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should you deny?*

PEGGY.

*But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done ;
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.*

PATIE.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upo' the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine ; and sae may ye :
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thold'd and woo'd a lang haff year.*

PEGGY. [Falling into Patie's arms.]

*Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE. [With his left hand about her waist.]

*O, charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away !
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye 'll be a' my ain.*

BOTH.

*Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
Gang soon so bed, and quickly rise ;
O, lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day !
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time:
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt, ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht ! it is the Knight in mascurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the royal sufferer moves,
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM, *solus*.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes.
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.

Yonder, ah me ! it desolately stands
Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands ;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft :
My stables and pavilions, broken walls !
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet ;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks :
But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
Where peach and nest'rine branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use !
All round in gaps the most in rubbish lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd ;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop and object of my care,
Since Heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life ! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet, contented mortal spends his time
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime !

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.*

*Healthful and innocently gay
He chants and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weather-cocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unsullied with a crime.*

*Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now towards good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And visit round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found;

Yet all is clean: A clear peet ingle
 Glances amidst the floor;
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, *ana* ELSPA.

Glaud. We anes were young oursells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round wi' other merrily.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade;
 Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

Elsa. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
 God mak him gude, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation, late or air.

Glaud. I trow, guidwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty tane;
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
 And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? There's nane, I'm sure,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
 Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
 Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and atour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud: but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days, likely, he shall learn,
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel, nae mair o't:—come, gi'es the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran, Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

JENNY enters.

Jenny. O, father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day. [Exit Jen.
But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

JENNY returns, bringing in Sir WILLIAM; with them
PATIE.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, tak a seat.

Sir William. I gi'e ye thanks, goodman, I'se no be blate.

Glaud. [*Drinks.*] Come, t' ye, friend.—How far came ye
the day.

Sir William. I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night-wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

Sir William. That's kind unsought—Weel, gin ye ha'e a
bairn

That ye like weel, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. [*Pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad—alack! I hae
nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir William. Young man, let's see your hand—what gara
ye sneer?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir William. Ye cut before the point—but, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elsa. Betouch-us-too! and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deel's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir William. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elsa. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman—what think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken. Strange auldman! what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth ;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

Patie. A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be :
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er pass your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your
hand,

Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elspa. Preserve's !—the man's a warlock, or possest
Wi' some nae good, or second sight, at least :
Where is he now ?——

Glaud. ————He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. Thae second-sighted fowk (His peace be here !)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb——Wow ! can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William ?—Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better—*Elspa,* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a tass of usquebae.

Sir William starts up and speaks.

' *A Knight that for a Lion fought,*
' *Against a herd of bears,*
' *Was to long toil and trouble brought,*
' *In which some thousands shares.*

- ' But now again the Lion rares,
- ' And joy spreads o'er the plain ;
- ' The Lion has defeat the bears,
- ' The Knight returns again.
- ' That Knight in a few days shall bring
- ' A shepherd frae the fauld,
- ' And shall present him to his King,
- ' A subject true and bauld :
- ' He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd ;
- ' All you that hear me now,
- ' May well believe what I have tald,
- ' For it shall happen true.'

Symon. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel,
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir William. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Symon. You prophesying fowk are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
The whimpel meaning o' your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks't for gospel what the spae-man gi'es
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir William. Whist ! doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said, ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel be't sae, friend, I shall say naithing mair;
But I've twa sonsy lasses, young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish you could foresee
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

Sir William. Nae mair through secrets I can sift
Till darkness black the bent:
I ha'e but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest & while content.

Symon. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir William. Delay a while your hospitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire:
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a space, and see the young anes play;
My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thaw his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet:
See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
Poor shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t' ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grien,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi' t, though I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en and morn.
Ah! could I lo'e thee less I'd happy be:
But happier far, could you but fancy me.

Jenny. And who kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I lo'e my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget;
Wow! but we're bonny, good and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent:
When prison'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.

But love, true downright love, engages me,
Though thou should scorn—still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooer's lips can fa'
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen, wi' shining fair, the morning rise,
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night;
I've seen the spring rin whimpling through the plain,
Increase, and join the ocean without stain:
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice through life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure ye lang would love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
For I maun own,* since now at last you're free,
Although I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud, my head!
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun and stars away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O, Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briss thy bonny breasts and lips to mine. [*They embrace.*]

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain;
 The easy maid beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain:
 For I must own, now since ye're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind?
 O, let me briss thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine;
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part:
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.*

*Jenny. Wi' equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
 To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.
 Now by the warmest kisses thou hast tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.*

*Roger. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
 There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
 If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.*

SANG XIV. *Tune, O'er Boggie.*

JENNY.

*Weel, I agree, ye're sure of me :
 Next to my father gae ;
 Mak him content to gie consent,
 He'll hardly say ye nay ;
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,
 And will commend you weel,
 Since parents auld thinks love grows cauld,
 When bairns want milk and meal.*

*Should he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain :
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee, I will ha'e nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree :
 And if ye prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.*

*Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
 As mony newcal in my byars rowt :
 Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell ;
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made :
 Ilk thing that maks a hartsome house and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me a' ; which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.*

My love and a' is yours ; now haud them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg :—besides, I maunna stay :
Let's steal frac ither now, and meet the morn :
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

Roger. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
Keep triste, and meet me there ;—there let us meet,
To kiss, and tell our love :—there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous and grim ;
Nor has the Baron shown his face :
But joking wi' his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir William. To whom belongs this house so much decay'd ?

Symon. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
Whilk fills us a' with joy, now *He's come hame.*

(*Sir William draps his masking beard :
Symon transported sees
The welcome Knight, with fond regard,
And grasps him round the knees.*)

My master ! my dear master !—do I breathe
To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith !

Return'd to cheer his wishing tenant's sight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir William. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due—kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise:
Since still the secret thou 'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock:—niest, my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir William. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends: which gi'es their sauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Symon. Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that lov'd by few:
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about sornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace:
Oppressing a', as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree o' kin;
Rins in ilka trader's debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

Sir William. Such useless branches of a commonwealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his praise, the langest simmer-day
Wad be o'er short—cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae weel behave,
That out o' sight he rins before the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best;
And his decreet stands good—he'll gar it stand;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir *William*. Your tale much pleases—my good friend,
proceed;

What learning has he, can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder weel: for troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough o' lair;
And he delytes in books—he reads and speaks
Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir *William*. Where gets he books to read—and o' what
kind?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, sangs, or sport:

Nor does he want o' them a routh at will,

And carries ae a pouchfu' to the hill.

About ane Shakspeare and a famous Ben,

He aftens speaks, and ca's them best o' men.

How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,

And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase,

About fine poems, histories, and plays.

When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,

Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir *William*. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear;

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae sindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's our sell.

Sir William. Well jested, Symon ; but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er:
The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves ;
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien,
And rosie cheeks, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart ?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part ;
Till late I saw him twa-three times mair sweet,
With Glaud's fair neice, then I thought right or meet :
I had my fears, but now have nought to fear,
Since like yoursell your son will soon appear ;
A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir William. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see :
Yonder's my horse, and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command :
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress ;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Symon. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can ken, that is not downright me. [Exit.

Sir William. [Solus.] When the event of hope successfully
appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years ?

A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;
 When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine;
 Only in little breakings shews its light.
 Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune*, What ye was I met yestreen.

*Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over-lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.* [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page.
 Bauldy's onset---enter Mause and Madge.

Madge.

OUR laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!
Mause. That's news indeed!-----

Madge. ——— As true as ye stand there.
 As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd, *Ha'd ye merry a'* ;
 We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
 Whilk frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.
 As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
 Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

Mause. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and ha'd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,
 Whilk slee Tod-lawrie hauds witho't his mou',
 When, he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool :
 In short he did for Pate braw things foretel,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.
 At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,
 Pu'd of his beard to Symon, Symon knew
 His welcome master ; round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blytheness grat.
 Patrick was sent for——happy lad is he !
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon,
 And troth 't is e'en right odd when a' is done ;
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell :
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae wha kens, and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted is great pain ;
 Ev'n kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense ! love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane o' gentle blood !
Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be ;
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsaks her, Bauldy she may gain,
Yonder he comes, and vow but he looks fain !
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her ! slavering doof ! it sets him weel
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teel !
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he ;
And so wad I, but whist ! here Bauldy comes.

BAULDY enters, singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny : Jenny wilt thou da't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good :
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let me be.*

Madge. Weel liltet Bauldy, that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gi'e ye't a', 't is better than its lang.

[Sings again.

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh ;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
A peetstack 'fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire ;
I'll make a ranting fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free ;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae——lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw baws cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a'?——

Bauldy. ————— Faith, unco right :
I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but ane, this night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask ?

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task :
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now good Madge, and honest Mause, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me ;
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,
Less wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn :
Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard ;
What other lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads ;
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece say gray a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest !
Ye lee'd, auld roudes——and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar ye stand
Wi' a het face afore the haly-band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ! ye sheveling gabit-brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails ; that when my hands are in,
Can flype the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Mause, ye heard her say
That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!—

*[Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle—Mause
endeavours to redd them.]*

Mause. Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy,
leen;

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen;
'Tis sae daft like——

*[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleed-
ing nose.]*

Madge. ——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
It sets him weel wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have seen.

Mause. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame,
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

Madge. Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

Mause. Howt no!——ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest

Bauldy:

Come, come, shake hands, this maun nae farder gae;
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge nae spite,
But she abusing first, was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon!—Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
Vow and loup back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's o'er lang out o' hell.

Bauldy. [*Running off.*] His presence be about us!
Curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge. [*Laughing.*] I think I have towzled his harigalds
a wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towz'd him tightly—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Madge. A witch!—how had ye patience this to bear?
And leave him eens to see, or lugs to hear?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine
Obliges fowk resentment to decline,
'Till aft 't is seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supplie:
Thus I put aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And special sport we'll hae as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae; for see its hard on night,
 The westling clouds shine red wi' setting light. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew;
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks thro' the broom wi' Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

PATIE and ROGER enter.

Roger. Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart louns light;
 O, Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
 Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
 That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn;
 I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
 She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear 't.—But, O! my change this day,
 Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
 Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
 He a' the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth!
 Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
 That speechless lang, my late kend sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd;
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself wi' rising raptures found,
 The happy son of ane so much renown'd.
 But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear,
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
 Which he forbids;—ah! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand;
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty, and haften reason plead his cause,
 But love rebels against all bounding laws;
 Fixt in my heart my shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love so superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd:
 For now, though I'm ane of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels;
 For change in my heart has no entry;
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

Roger. Enjoy them baith. Sir William will be won;
Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move;
I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Roger. Is not our master and yoursell to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

Patie. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London niest, and afterwards to France;
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither monkey-tricks: That done,
I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
Then 't is design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel;
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

Roger. *They whā ha'e just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'er-come only fashkes fauk to keep.*——
Good Maister Patrick tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning thought at night's the
same:

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift—without it kings are poor,

Roger. But an estate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it scantily on the bent:
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;

Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

Patie. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks nae far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss :
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gout, and gravel, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest wi' fowk o'er-laid wi' ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd wi' less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and halesome air.

Roger. Lord, man ! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights :
How gat ye a' this sense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear ?

Patie. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real good and ill ;
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain those silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me whilk to buy ;
Faith I'se hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky ;
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

Patie. Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride ;
But I sometime this last design maun hide.
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

Roger. Pleas'd that ye trust me wi' the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the de'ils defy. [Exit.]

Patie. [Solus.] Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart,
My father's will to her that hauds my heart ;

I ken she lo'es, and her saft saul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment—Heaven support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care :——
 Her eyes are red !

PEGGY enters.

——My Peggy, why in tears ?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears,
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I darena think sae high—I now repine
 At the unhappy chance that made na me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can withoutten pain see frae the coast,
 The ship that bears his all like to be lost !
 Like to be carried by some rover's hand,
 Far frae his wishes, to some distant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves I own :
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.
 I falsehood hate : come kiss thy cares away ;
 I ken to love as weel as to obey :
 Sir William's gen'rous ; leave the task to me,
 To mak strict duty and true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief ;
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief :
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire :
 Then I ! poor me ! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my handsome Pate.
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blythe shepherd that excell'd the rest :

Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang ;
 Nae mair, alake ! we'll on the meadow play,
 And rin half breathless round the rucks of hay ;
 As aft times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane :
 Nae mair around the *foggy know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.
 But hear my vow—'t will help to gi'e me ease—
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. *Tune*, Woes my heart that we shou'd
 sunder.

*Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder :
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell ;
 Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander ;
 Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty!
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
'Tho' thou shou'd prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Patie. Sure Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee;
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul fra thee, delightfu' maid;
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things,
To sic as hae the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
Made me think life was little worth my care;
My heart was like to burst; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy love for me:
Wi' patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;
And a' the while I'll study gentler charms,
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms;
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school,
Where I may manners learn.—

SANG XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-side.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay ;
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*Wi' patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans in May :
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband hae sense to approve.*

*Patie. ————— That's wisely said :
 And what he wares that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.*

Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect afit-times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state:
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
 Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—But I'll be ought wi' thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes: for still amangst the best
 Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' na hazard, and sae sma' expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
 Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love.
 But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. Wi' ev'ry setting day and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return;
 Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;
 And to the hissel-shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as aithly trow'd;
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day and rising morn,
 Wi' soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
 Wi' a' that can improve thee.
 I'll visit aft the birken bush,
 Where first thou kindly tald me
 Sweet tales of love, and bid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst infald me.*

*To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To greenwood-shaw or fountain :
 Or where the simmer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender :
 By vows ye're mine, my love is yours,
 A heart which cannot wander.*

Patie. My dear, allow me fra thy temples fair,
 A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair ;
 Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
 I'll aften kiss and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were 't in my power wi' better boons to please,
 I'd gi'e the best I cou'd wi' the same ease ;
 Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
 Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,
 To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
 Love's safter meaning better is exprest,
 When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possest,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest :
Bare legg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON and BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power!
Far to the North the scant approaching light,
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chatter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs wi' shaking fail :
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane :
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it : Symon! Oh, Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk? to mak so loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed :
Ae comes, I fear, ill pleas'd ; I hear his tread.

Sir WILLIAM enters.

Sir William. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

Symon. I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
But some strange thing has Bauldy's spirit opprest,
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist.

Bauldy. O! ay—dear sir, in truth, 't is very true,
And I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir William. [*Smiling.*] I lang to hear 't.—

Bauldy. —— Ah! sir, the witch ca'd Mause,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart;
As she had trysted, I met wi' er this night,
But may nae friend o' mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaist, or de'il, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down, while I like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,
I pithless grew wi' fear, and had nae hope;
Till wi' an elrich laugh they vanish'd quite;
Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, sir, to you,
Hoping you'll help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar barrel Mause be burnt.

Sir William. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast, e'er she get leave to squeel,
And cast her cantraips, that bring up the de'il. [*Exit.*]

Sir William. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

Symon. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising de'ils up thro' a ring;
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir William. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor;
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and loup
O'er braes and bogs wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a sow;
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstaffs ride!
Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night, bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But Mause, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hobble-show that's past,
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

Sir William. I'm sure it will; but see increasing light,
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. *Tune, Bonny grey ey'd morn.*

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray:
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day.
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek;
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Glaud. I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye didna use sae soon to see the light;

Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang;
But do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again:
But, be advis'd, his company refrain;
Before, he as a shepherd, sought a wife,
Wi' her to lead a chaste and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake! what's that?—sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks sin to name:
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap,
To brag how often they ha'e had the clap;
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or board wi' sic as he.

Peggy. Sir William's virtuous, and o' gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too like him be good?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry may than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to Heaven—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God!

Glaud. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The lord forbid! na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

MADGE enters.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate,
'Tween Mause and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
At Symon's house, the knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. [Exit.

Madge. Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How blear'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut fra the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds stay,
And tak what God will send in hodden-gray.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us w' your scorn?
It's na my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green;

Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Madge. A bonny story, trowth!—But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now 't is tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
BAULDY, and MAUSE.

Sir William. And was that all?—Weel, Bauldy, ye was
serv'd

No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy. An't like your honour I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doil't to seek the de'il.

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a slee and a revengefu' —
 And that my some place finds:—but I had best
 Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek,
 Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to seek.

MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY enter.

Sir William. [*Looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
 that wears th' Aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find?
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud?

Glaud. —Sir, she's my niece—
 And yet she's not—but I shou'd haud my peace.

Sir William. This is a contradiction—What d'ye mean?
 She is, and is not!—Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make appear
 What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year——

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir William. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!——

Patie. ——— So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my master orders, I obey——
 This bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
 Close by the lee-side of my door, I found,
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant-weeds, of rich and gentle make.
 What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air
 Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa towmonds auld to be.
 I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd
 Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story, she has pass'd since syne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.
 Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come o' gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna—naething ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir William. This tale seems strange!—

Patie. ——— The tale delights mine ear!

Sir William. Command your joys, young man, till truth
 appear.

Mause. That be my task—Now, sir, bid a' be hush:
 Peggy may smile—Thou hast nae cause to blush.
 Lang ha'e I wish'd to see the happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
 That I might now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
 He saw 't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace,
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir William. Old woman, do not rave; prove what you say;
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's so near her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish to hear it out.

Sir *William*. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt,

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me weel—Has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you ha'e aften view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand !
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie if you demand.

Sir *William*. Ha ! honest nurse, where were my eyes before ?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more ;
Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind ?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Sir *William*. Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece ; truth must prevail :

But no more words till *Mause* relates her tale.

Patie. Good nurse, gae on ; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gi'e pleasure like these words of thine.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang ; but I the secret knew,
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possest ;
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd smother the sakeless orphan in her bed !
That very night, when a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I saftly prest,
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.

Afraid of being found out; I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door ;
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himself, and Symon may,
Remember weel how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [*With tears of joy stealing down his beard.*]
I weel remember 't: Lord reward your love!
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge some time shou'd about be brought.

Patie. 'T is now a crime to doubt—my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir William. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my
care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir William. [*Raising them.*] I give you both my blessing:
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
Whilst I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprise;
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?

Lang may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our master be,
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e;
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

Sir William. The base unnat'ral villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below :
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an estate
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate :
For his sake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day !
I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mause's plot.

Sir William. Kindly old man, remain with you this day !
I never from these fields again will stray :
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear :
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
T' enjoy their ane, and raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge I'm
gree'd,

Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live.*

Madge. Lang may he live:—and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant.
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady—my dear bonny bairn!

Peggy. Nae other name I'll ever for you learn——
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir William. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give an endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

Patie. [*Presenting Roger to Sir William.*] Sir, here's my
trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny, think nae shame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:

Lang was he dumb ; at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son ;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir William. My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank consent ; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, sir ; what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay !
What'er your honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still our master's right your business make.
Please him, be faithfu', and this auld grey head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise ;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir William. My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous ; soon or late ye'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest should obey ;
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

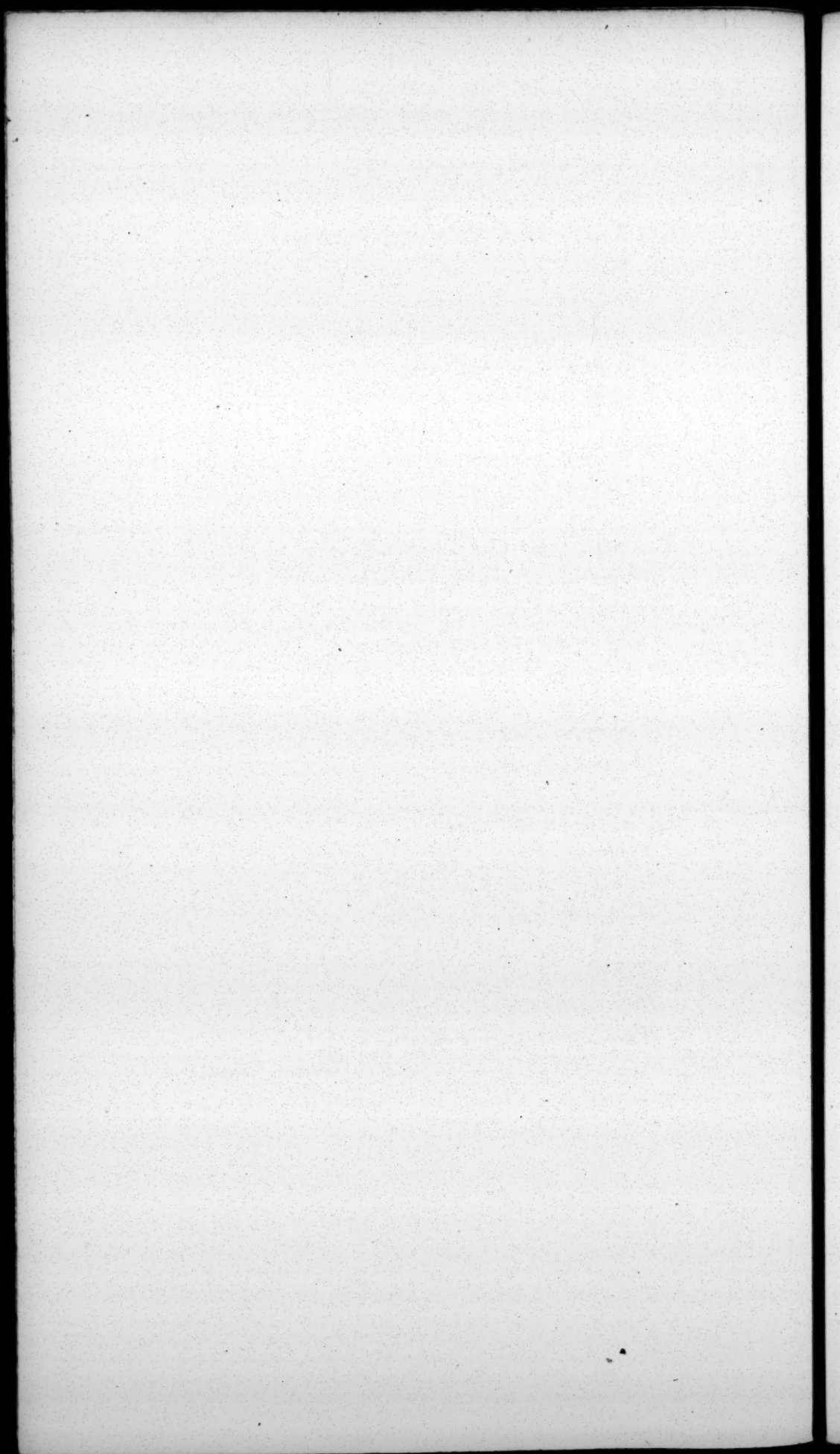
SANG XXI. *Tune, Corn riggs are bonny.*

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprize,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawlk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spoke,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony ;
He's free to towzel, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

[Exeunt omnes.]



A

GLOSSARY;

OR,

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the Author,
which are rarely or never found in the modern *English*
Language.

Some General Rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away, or added.

I. In many words ending with an l after an a, or u, the l is rarely sounded.		Scots.	English.
A', Ba,	English. <i>ALL.</i> a .	Bow,	<i>Boll.</i>
Ca,	<i>Call.</i>	Bowt,	<i>Bolt.</i>
Fa,	<i>Fall.</i>	Caff,	<i>Calf.</i>
Ga,	<i>Gall.</i>	Cow,	<i>Coll, or Clip.</i>
Ha,	<i>Hall.</i>	Faut,	<i>Fault.</i>
Sma,	<i>Small.</i>	Fause,	<i>False.</i>
Sta,	<i>Stall.</i>	Fowk,	<i>Folk.</i>
Wa,	<i>Wall.</i>	Fawn,	<i>Fallen.</i>
Fou, or Fu,	<i>Full.</i>	Gowd,	<i>Gold.</i>
Pou, or Pu,	<i>Pull.</i>	Haff,	<i>Half.</i>
Woo, or U,	<i>Wool.</i>	How,	<i>Hole, or Hollow.</i>
		Howms,	<i>Holms.</i>
		Maut,	<i>Malt.</i>
		Pow,	<i>Poll.</i>
		Row,	<i>Roll.</i>
		Scawd,	<i>Scald.</i>
		Stown,	<i>Stolen.</i>
		Wawk,	<i>Walk.</i>
II. The l changes to a, w, or u, after o, or a, and it fre- quently suno before another consonant; as		III. An o before ld, changes to an a, or au; as,	
Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
BAwm,	<i>BAlm.</i>	AUld,	<i>OLD.</i>
Bauk,	<i>Baul.</i>	Bauld,	<i>Bold.</i>
Bouk,	<i>Bulk.</i>		

Scots	English.	Scots.	English.
Cauld,	Cold.	Lain, or len,	Loan.
Fauld,	Fold.	Lang,	Long.
Hald, or had,	Hold.	Law,	Low.
Sald,	Sold.	Mae,	Moe.
Tald,	Told.	Maist,	Most.
Wad,	Would.	Mair,	More.
		Mane,	Moan.

IV. The o, oe, or ow, is
changed to a, ae, or ai; as,

Scots.	English.
AE, or ane,	ONE.
Aeten,	Oaten.

Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amaist,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Bore.
Baith,	Both.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.
Claith,	Cloth.
Craw,	Crow.
Drap,	Drop.
Fae,	Foe.
Frae,	From, or From.
Gae,	Go.
Gaits,	Goats.
Grane,	Groan.
Haly,	Holy.
Hale,	Whole.
Halesome,	Wholesome.
Hame,	Home.
Hait or het,	Hot.
Laith,	Loath.
Laid,	Load.

Na,	No.
Nane,	None.
Nathing,	Nothing.
Pape,	Pope.
Rae,	Roe.
Rair,	Roar.
Raip,	Rope.
Raw,	Row.
Saft,	Soft.
Saip,	Soap.
Sair,	Sore.
Sang,	Song.
Slaw,	Slow.
Snaw,	Snow.
Strake,	Stroke.
Staw,	Stole.
Stane,	Stone.
Saul,	Soul.
Tae,	Toe.
Taiken,	Token.
Tangs,	Tongs.
Tap,	Top.
Thrang,	Throng.
Wae,	Woe.
Wame,	Womb.
Wan,	Won.
War,	Worse.
Wark,	Work.
World,	World.
Wha,	Who.

V. The o, or u, is frequently
changed into i; as,

Scots.	English.
ANither,	ANother.
Bill,	Bull.

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Birn,	<i>Burn.</i>	Mither,	<i>Motber.</i>
Brither,	<i>Brotber.</i>	Nits,	<i>Nuts.</i>
Fit,	<i>Foot.</i>	Nise,	<i>Nose.</i>
Fither,	<i>Fotber.</i>	Pit,	<i>Put.</i>
Hinny,	<i>Honey.</i>	Rin,	<i>Run.</i>
Ither,	<i>Otber.</i>	Sin,	<i>Sun.</i>

A

A*Blins*, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.
Air, long since, early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.
Ambrie, cup-board.
Anew, enough.
Arles, earnest of a bargain.
Ase, ashes.
Attains, or at *anes*, at once, at the same time.
Attour, out-over.
Auld-farran, ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *eaglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.
Awsome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breadth.

B

B*ack-sey*, a surloin.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, staid, abode.
Bairns, children.
Balen, whale-bone.
Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it *came wi' a bang*. A *bang* also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*.
Bangster, a blustering roaring person.
Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.
Barlikblood, a fit of drunken angry passion.

Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, cholic.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bouch, sorry, indifferent.
Bawsy, *bawsand-fac'd*, is a cow, or a horse, with a white face.
Bedeem, immediately, in haste.
Best, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to bask.
Beild, or *beil*, a shelter.
Bein, or *been*, wealthy. A *been bouse*, a warm well-furnished one.
Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
Bended, drunk hard.
Benn, the inner-room of a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Bensell, or *bensail*, force.
Bent, the open field.
Bieuk, baked.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bekering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built.
Biggings, building.
Biggonet, a linen cap, or coif.
Billy, brother.
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common-people joining their farthings for purchasing li-

- quor**, they call it, *birling a bawbee*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly, with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden mull, for beating hemp, or a fuller's-club.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the skin, when bruised.
Blastum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleece, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleeze, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse.
Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Boak, or *boke*, vomit.
Boal, a little press, or cupboard in the wall.
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided, or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of a penny English.
Bodward, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin, or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Boss, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bouze, to drink.
Brochen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
Brattle, noise, as of horsefeet.
Brats, rags.
Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
Brecken, fern.
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Briss, to press.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer.
Browst, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by a *thrawn bucky*.
Buff, nonsense. As, *He blether'd buff*.
Bugbt, the little fold where the ewes are enclosed at milking time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising-tide.
Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an ideot.

- Bung*, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests, that serve for seats.
Bumbler, a bungler.
Burn, a brook.
Busk, to deck, dress.
Bustine, fustian (cloth)
But, often for *without*; as, *but feed*, or *savour*.
Bykes, or *bikes*, nests or hives of bees.
Bygane, bypast.
By-word, a proverb.

C

- CAdge*, carry. *Cadger*, is a country carrier.
Caff, a calf. *Chaff*.
Callan, a boy.
- Camschough*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.
Cangle to wrangle.
Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.
Canna, cannot.
Cant, to tell merry old tales.
Catraips, incantations.
Canty, cheerful and merry.
Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.
Car, sledge.
Carena, care not.
Carle, a word for an old man.
Carline, an old woman. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.
Catbel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.
Cauldrife, spiritless. Wanting cheerfulness in address.
Cauler, cool or fresh.
Cawk, chalk.
Chafis, chops.
Chaping, an ale-measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.
- A-char*, or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, They're *a-char*, or *a-jar*.
Charlewain, Charles-wain, the constellation called the *Plow*, or *Ursa Major*.
Chancy, fortunate, good-natured.
Chat, a cant name for the gallows.
Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.
- Chucky*, a hen.
Clan, tribe, family.
Clank, a sharpblow, or stroke, that makes a noise.
Clasbes, chat.
Clatter, to chatter.
Clauabt, took hold.
Claver, to speak nonsense.
Claw, scratch.
Cleek, to catch, as with hook.
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.
Clinty, hard, stony.
Clock, a beetle.
Clotted, the fall of any soft moist thing.
Closs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.
Clour, the little lump that rises on the head occasioned by a blow or a fall.
Clute or *cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep.
Cockernony, the gathering of a

woman's hair when its
wrapt or *snooded* up with a
band or *snood*.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a pretty large wooden
dish the country people put
their pottage in.
Cogle, when a thing moves
backwards and forewards
inclining to fall.
Coodie, a small wooden ves-
sel, used by some for a
chamber-pot.
Coof, a stupid fellow.
Coor, to cover.
Cooser, a ston'd horse.
Coost, did cast. *Coosten*,
thrown.
Corby, a raven,
Cosie, sheltered in a conveni-
ent place.
Cotter, a sub-tenant.
Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
Cowp, to change, barter.
Cowp, a company of people;
as merry, senseless, corky
cowp.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Coutb, frank and kind.
Crack, to chat.
Creel, basket.
Crish, grease.
Creil, a crooked dwarf.
Croone, or *crune*, to murmur
or hum over a song. The
lowing of bulls.
Crouse, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crummy, a cow's name.
Cryn, shrink, or become less
by drying.
Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
Culzie, intice or flatter.
Cun, to taste, learn, know.

Cunzie, or *coonie*, coin.
Curn, a small parcel.
Cursche, a kerchief. A linen
dress wore by our High-
land women.
Culted, used kind and gain-
ing methods for obtaining
love and friendship.
Cutts, lots. These cuts are
usually made of straws un-
equally cut.
Cutty, short.

D

DAK, a proficient.
Dad, to beat one thing
against another. *He fell*
wi' a dad. He dadded his
head against the wall.
Daft, foolish, and sometimes
wanton.
Daffin, folly, waggersy.
Dail or *dale*, a valley, a plain
Daintilbs, dainties, delicates.
Dainty, is used as an epithet
of a fine man or woman.
Dander, wander to and fro, or
saunter.
Dang, did *ding*, beat, thrust,
drive.
Ding dang, moving hastily
one on the back of another.
Darn, to hide.
Dasb, to put out of counte-
nance.
Dowty, a fondling, darling.
To dawt, to cocker and ca-
ress with tenderness.
Deave, to stun the ears with
noise.
Dees, dairy-maids.
Deray, merriment, jollity,
solemnity, tumult, disorder,
noise.
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely.
Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.

- Dewgs*, rags, or shapings of cloth.
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.
Dight, decked, made ready; also to clean.
Dinna, do not.
Dirlle, a smarting pain quickly over.
Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
Divet, broad turf.
Docken, a dock, (the herb.)
Doilt, confused and silly.
Doited, dozed, or crazy, as in old age.
Doll, a large piece, *dole* or share.
Donk, moist.
Donstie, affectedly neat. Clean when applied to any little person.
Dofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.
Dool or *drule*, the goal which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)
Dool, pain, grief.
Dorts, a proud pet.
Dorty, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disobliged.
Dosend, cold, impotent.
Dought, could, availed.
Doughty, strong, valiant and able.
Douks, dives under water.
Douse, solid, grave, prudent.
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
Dow, dove.
Dow'd, (liquor,) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or wither'd (plant.)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.
Dowie, melancholy, sad, doleful.
Downa, *dow not*; i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it.
Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better baffe egg iban toom dowp*.
Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.
Dribs, drops.
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.
Drouked, drenched, all wet.
Dubs, mire.
Dung, defeat.
Dunt, stroke or blow.
Dunty, a doxy.
Durk, a poignard or dagger.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E

- E Ages*, incites, stirs up.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Edge (of a hill,) is the side or top.
Eeen, eyes.
Eild, age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eitb, easy. *Eitbar*, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elf-shot, bewitched, shot by fairies.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

Endlang, along.

Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution.

Erst, time past.

Estler, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *estler* work.

Etber, an adder.

Ettle, to aim, design.

Even'd, compar'd.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.

Fae, a foe, an enemy.

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread, in shape of a roll.

Fag, to tire or turn away.

Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fain, expresses earnest desire; as, *Fain would I*. Also joyful, tickled with pleasure.

Fait, neat, in good order.

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.

Fang, the talons of a fowl. *To fang*, to grip or hold fast.

Fash, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.

Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh rigs*, fallow ground.

Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maist feck*, the greatest

number, *nae feck*, very few.

Feckfow, able, active.

Feckless, feeble, little, and weak.

Feed, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, several.

Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. *Mak a fen*, fall upon methods.

Fertie, wonder.

Fernzier, the last or fore-run year.

File, to defile, or dirty.

Fireslaught, a flash of lightning.

Fistle, to stir. *A stir*.

Fitsted, the print of the foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, flung.

Flaughtier, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie, or fib.

Fleetch, to coax or flatter.

Fleg, fright.

Flewet, a smart blow.

Fley or *flie*, to affright. *Fleyt* afraid or terrified.

Flinters, splinters.

Flit, to remove.

Flite or *flyte*, to scold, chide.

Flet, did scold.

Flushes, floods.

Fog, moss.

Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day light.

Forby, besides.

Forebearers, forefathers, ancestors.

Forfain, abused, bespattered.

Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.

Forgainst, opposite to.

Forgetber, to meet, encounter.

Forleet, to forsake or forget.

Forestam, the forehead.

Fouth, abundance, plenty.

Fozy, spungy, soft.

Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one *maks a frais* when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.

Fray, bustle, fighting.

Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.

Fremit, strange, not a kin.

Fristed, trusted.

Frusb, brittle, like bread baken with butter.

Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

Furder, prosper.

Furthy, forward.

Fush, brought.

Furlet, four pecks.

Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.

G.

GAb, the mouth. To prate.

Gab sae gasb.

Gabbing, prating pertly. To *gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, to laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cause or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.

Gasb, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gasb-gabbet*, *gasb-beard*.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.

Gawn, going.

Gaws, galls.

Gawsy, jolly, buxome.

Geck, to mock.

Geed or *gade*, went.

Genty, handsome, genteel.

Get or *brat*, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

Gielanger, an ill-debter.

Gif, if.

Gillygacus or *gillygapus*, a staring, gaping fool, a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a roguish boy.

Gimmer, a young sheep (ew.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to strike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, snarl; also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hocp.

Glaiks, an icle, good for nothing fellow.

Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaister, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* over the eyes of the spectator.

Glar, mire, oozy mud.

Glee, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glowming, the twilight, or evening gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsb, to hang the brow and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds.
Gossie, gossip.
Gowans, daisies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chops, we call a *gowf on the baffet*.
Gowk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long upon one subject a *gowk*.
Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Gousty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork; also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Groff, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounce, or *glunsb*, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.

Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold.
Gysened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness.
Gytlings, young children.

H

Haffet, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse napery.
Haggise, a kind of pudding, made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halesome, wholesome; as, *bale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open kind.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brams. *Harn-pan*, the scull.
Harsbip, ruin.
Hasb, a sloven.
Haveren or *baverel*, id.
Haugbs, are valleys or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, good-breeding.
Haviour, behaviour.
Hass, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
Heal or *beel*, health or whole.
Heepy, a person hypocondriac.
Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing

- a little. A *beexy* is a good lift.
Hefit, accustomed to live in a place.
Hegbt, promised; also named *Hempey*, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp, or hook, bar or bolt; also in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Hether-bells, the heath blossom.
Heugb, a rock or steep hill; also a coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *bidlings*, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in *bidlings*, i. e. privately.
Hirple, to move slowly, and lamely.
Hirsle or *birdsale*, a flock of cattle.
Ho, a single stocking.
Hobbleshew, a confused racket noise.
Hool, husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
Hooly, slowly.
Host, or *wbost*, to cough.
How or *bu*, a cap or roof-tree.
How, low ground, a hollow.
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden.
Howdy, midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains or river sides.
Howt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedgehog, or hare.
Hut, a hovel.
Hyt, mad.
- J
- JAck*, jacket.
Jag, to prick as with a pin.
- Jaw*, a wave or gush of water.
Jawp, the dashing of water.
Icesboggles, icicles.
Jee, to incline to one side.
 To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.
Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
Jimp, slender.
Jip, gypsie.
Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingle, fire.
Jo, sweetheart.
Jowk, a low bow.
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also melancholy
I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will.
Isles, embers.
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
Jute, sour or dead liquor.
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.
- K
- KAbber*, a rafter
Kale or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.
Kacky, to dung.
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, a comb.
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate; also *warie*, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, jovial.
Keek, to peep.
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work in the same time.

Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.

Kent, along staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Kiest, did cast. *Vid. Coost.*

Killed, tucked up.

Kimmer, a female gossip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all sorts of eatables, except bread.

Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knait, to beat or strike sharply.

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.

Knoost or *knuist*, a large lump.

Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob.

Knuckles, only used in Scotland for the joints of the fingers, next the back of the hand.

Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, kine or cows.

Kytl, to appear. *He'll kytl in bis ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

L

L Aggert, bespattered, covered with clay.

Laigh, low.

Laits, manners.

Lack or *lack*, undervalue, con-

temn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.

Lane, alone.

Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, *i. e.* to divert him.

Lankale, colewort, uncut.

Lap, leaped.

Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.

Lare, a place for laying; or that has been lain in.

Lare, bog.

Lave, the rest or remainder.

Lawin, a tavern reckoning.

Lawland, low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawty or *lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honest.

Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*

Leam, flame.

Lear, learning, to learn.

Lee, untill'd ground; also an open grassy plain.

Leglen, a milking pail with one lug or handle.

Leman, a kept miss.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leigh, laughed.

Lew-warm, lukewarm.

Libbit, gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat, we call a great lick.

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, the sky or firmament.

Liggs, lyes.

Lilt, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence *Lilts up a spring.* *Lilt it out,*

take off your drink merrily

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataract.
Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
Lingle, cord, shoemaker's thread.
Linkan, walking speedily.
Lire, breasts; *item*, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Litb, a joint.
Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.
Loe, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
Looms, tools, instruments in general, any vessel.
Loot, did let.
Low, flame.
Lowan, flaming.
Lown, calm. *Keepdown*, be secret.
Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Lout, to bow down, making courtesye.
Luck, to inclose, shut up, fasten. Hence *Lucken-banded*, close-fisted; *Lucken Gowans Boots*, &c.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Iyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M

MAgil, to mangle.
Maik or *make*, match, equal
Maikless, matchless.

Mailen, a farm.
Makly, seemly, well proportioned.
Maksna, it is no matter.
Malison, a curse, malediction.
Mangit, gall'd or bruised by toil or stripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to s'ammer in speech.
March or *merch*, a land-mark, or border of lands.
Marb, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comerade.
Mask, to mash in brewing.
Masking-loom, mash-vat.
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great, large.
Meith, limit, mark, sign.
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make amends*, to make a grateful return.
Mense, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding. *Mensfu'*, mannerly.
Menzie, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.
Massen, a little dog, lap-dog.
Midding, a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modest.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Miscaw, to give names.
Mischance, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect, or not to take notice of one; also let alone.
Mistusbous, malicious, rough.
Misters, necessities, wants.
Mittans, woollen gloves.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the grave

Mou, mouth.

Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow.

Mow, a pile or bing, as of feuel, hay, sheaves of corn.

Mows, jests.

Muckle, see *Meikle*.

Murgullied, mismanaged, abused.

Mutch, coif.

Mutckin, an English pint.

N

Nacky, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

Nise, nose.

Nettle, to fret or vex.

Newfangle, fond of a new thing.

Nevel, a sound blow with the nive or fist.

Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated; also as a cant word to drink heartily; as *be nicks fine*.

Niest, next.

Niffer, to exchange or barter.

Niffnaffan, trifling.

Nignays, trifles.

Nips, bits.

Nitber, to straiten. *Nitbered*, hungered, or half-starved in maintenance.

Nive, the fist.

Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or spindle.

Noit, see *knoit*.

Nowt, cows, kine.

Nowther, neither.

Nuckle, new-calv'd (cows.)

O

OE, a grand-child.

O'er or *ower*, too much; as, *A' o'ers is v.ice*.

O'ercome, surplus.

Ony, any.

Or, sometimes used for ere, or before. *Or day*, i. e. before day break.

Ora, any thing over what is needful.

Orp, to weep, with a convulsive pant.

Oughilens, in the least.

Owk, week.

Owerlay, a cravat.

Owsen, oxen.

Owtber, either.

Orter, the arm-pit.

P

PAddock, a frog.

Paddock-ride, the spawn of frogs.

Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one soundly.

Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one thing into another.

Paugbty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty, or sly in word or action, without any harm or bad design.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegb, to pant.

Pensy, finical, foppish, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Peti, a favourite, a fondling.

To pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence to take the *pet*, is to be peevish or sullen, as commonly

- petts* are when in the least disobliged.
- Pibroughs*, such Highland tunes as are played on bagpipes before them, when they go out to battle.
- Pig*, an earthen pitcher.
- Pike* to pick out or choose.
- Pimpin*, pimping, mean, scurvey.
- Pine*, pain or pining.
- Pingle*, to contend, strive, or work hard.
- Pirn*, the spool or quill within the shuttle which receives the yarn. *Pirny* (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, stripped.
- Pitb*, strength, might, force.
- Plack*, twobodles, or the third of a penny English.
- Pople* or *Paple*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.
- Poorithb*, poverty.
- Powny*, a little hore or gallo-way also a turkey.
- Pouss*, to push.
- Pouch*, a pocket.
- Pratlick*, practice, art, stratagem. *Privig pratlick*, trying ridiculous experiments.
- Prets*, tricks, rogueries. We say, *He played me a pret*, i. e. cheated. *The callans fu' o' pret*, i. e. has abundance of waggish tricks.
- Prig*, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
- Prin*, a pin.
- Prive*, to prove or taste.
- Propine*, gift or present.
- Pryme* or *prime*, to fill or stuff.
- Putt a stane*, throw a big stone.
- Quey*, a young cow.
- R
- Rackless*, careless; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackles banded*.
- Rae*, a roe.
- Raffan*, roving, merry, hearty.
- Raird*, a loud sound.
- Rair*, a roar.
- Rack* or *rook*, a mist or fog.
- Rampage*, to speak and act furiously.
- Rasbes*, rushes.
- Rave*, did rive or tear.
- Raugbt*, reached.
- Rax*, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reached.
- Ream*, cream. Whence *reaming*; as, *reaming liquor*.
- Redd*, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'mredd*, I'm apprehensive.
- Rede*, counsel, advice; as, *I wad na rede you to do that*.
- Reek*, reach, also smoke.
- Rest*, to rust, or dry in the smoke.
- Rest*, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away.
- Reif*, rapine, robbery.
- Reik* or *rink*, a course or race.
- Rever*, a robber or pirate.
- Rewtb*, pity.
- Rice* or *rise*, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
- Ryfe*, or *rife*, plenty.
- Rift*, to belch.
- Rigging*, the back or rigback, the top or ridge of a house.
- Ripples*, a weakness in the back and reins.
- Rock*, a distaff.

- Roose or ruse*, to commend, extol.
Roove, to rivet.
Rotian, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often a satiric kind of rhyme.
Rowan, rolling.
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Rick, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Ruefu', doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off.
Runkle, a wrinkle.
Runcle, do ruffle.
- S
- Sæbins*, seeing it is, since.
Saikless, guiltless, free.
Sain'd blessed.
Sall, shall, Like *soud* for *should*.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, short-sighted.
Sar, savour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.
Saug, a willow, or sallow tree.
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial expression.
Scad, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washen down with rain.
Scart, to scratch.
Scawp, a bare dry piece of stony ground.
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *bannock*.
Scowp, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scripp, narrow, straitened, little.
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers.
Scroggy, thorny.
Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.
Sell, self.
Seuch, furrow, ditch.
Sey, to try.
Seybow, a young onion.
Sban, pitiful, silly, poor.
Sbarn, cow's dung.
Sbaw, a wood or forest.
Sbawl, shallow.
Sbawps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Sbill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Sbire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *sbire*; also a clever wag, a *sbire* lick.
Sbog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Sbool, shovel.
Sboon, shoes.
bore, to threaten.
Sbottle, a drawer.
Sib, a kin.
Sic, such.
Sicker, firm, secure.
Sike, a rill, or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Sillier, silver.
Sindle or sinle, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time.---
Lang sinsyne, long ago.
kaill, to scatter.

- Skair*, share.
Skaib, hurt, damage.
Skeigh, skittish.
Skelf, shelf.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs barefoot. Also a small splinter of wood.
Item, to flog the hips.
Skiff, to move smoothly away.
Skink, a kind of strong broth, made of cows hams, or knuckles; also to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.
Sklate, slate. *Skailie* is a fine blue slate.
Skowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out hastily.
Slade or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or make a thing move easily.
Slap or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills.
Slap, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half-melted snow.
Sierg, to bedaub or plaister.
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid town*.
Slidry, slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire.
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.
Smirky, smiling.
Smittle, infectious, catching.
Smoor to smother.
Snack, ready, nimble, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web's end*.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check, or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also a pitiful grovelling slave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, snot.
Snarl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonsy, happy, lucky, fortunate, sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, reddish coloured.
Sorn, to sponge.
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowis, flummery, or oatmeal sowered amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.

- Spait*, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, enquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, or draw asunder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Sprains, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttled, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Statwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did sting; also a sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *Ne'er a starn*.
Stay, steep; as, *set a stout heart to a stay brae*.
Steek, to shut close.
Stegb, to cram.
Stend or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stoit or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, smarting pain or stich.
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men, or horses feet. *To stour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.
Stratb, a plain on a river side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride; applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to sprinkle or strew.
Stroot or *strut*, stuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pet. *To take the strunt* to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
Sturdy, giddy-headed; *item*, strong.
Sture or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.
Suddle, to sully or defile.
Sumpb, blockhead.
Sunkan, splenetic.
Suncots, something.
Swak, to throw, cast with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swash, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swarts, small ale.
Swecht, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections,
Swell, suffocated, choaked to death.
Swith, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T

TAckel, an arrow.

Taid, a toad.

Tane, taken.

Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.

Tape, to use any thing sparingly.

Tappit-ben, the Scots quart stoup.

Tarrow, to refuse what we love from a cross-humour.

Tartan, cross striped stuff of various colours, checkered. The Highland plaid.

Tass, a little dram-cup.

Tate, a small lock of hair, or or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.

Taunt, to mock.

Tawpy, a foolish wench.

Taz, a whip or scourge.

Ted, to scatter, spread.

Tee, a little earth on which gamblers at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.

Teen or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.

Teet, to peep out.

Tensome, the number of ten.

Tent, attention. *Tenty* cautious.

Thack, thatch. *Thacker*, thatcher.

Thae, those.

Tharmes, small tripes.

Theek, to thatch.

Tbig, to beg or borrow.

Thir, these.

Thole, to endure, suffer.

Thow, thaw.

Tbowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.

Thrawin, stern, cross-grained

Threep, to aver, alledge, urge, and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, to press or squeeze through with difficulty.

Tbud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these.

Cry'd beb at ilka tbud; i. e. gave a groan at every blow.

Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, *He took the tid*.

Tift, good order, health.

Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost.

Tinsel, loss.

Tip or *tippony*, ale sold at 2d. the Scots pint.

Tirl, or *tir*, to uncover a house or undress a person; strip one naked. Sometimes a short action is named a *Tirle*; as, *They took a tirle of dancing, drinking, &c.*

Titty, sister.

Tocber, portion, dowry.

Tod, a fox.

Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.

Toom, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.

Item, to empty.

Tosb, right, neat.

Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.

To the fore, in being alive, unconsumed.

Touse or *touste*, to rumple, tease.

Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.

Tow, a rope. A Tyburn neck-lace, or St. Johnstoun rib-band.

Towmond, a year or twelve-months.

Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.

Trig, neat, handsome.

Troke, exchange.

True, to true, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae?* or *Love gars me true ye*.

Truf, steal.

Tryst, appointment.

Turs, turfs, truss.

Twin, to part with or separate from

Twitch, touch.

Twinters, sheep of two years old.

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, vide *teen*.

Tyst, entice, stir up, allure.

U

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate.

Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.

Umwile, the late, or deceased some time ago. Of old.

Undocht or *wandocht*, a silly, weak person.

Uneith, not easy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.

Unko, or *unco*, uncouth, strange.

Unloosome, unlovely.

Vougy, elevated, proud. That boasts or brags of any thing

W

WAD, or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.

Waff, wandering by itself.

Wak, moist, wet.

Wale, to pick and chose.

The Wale, i. e., the best.

Wallop, to move swiftly, with much agitation.

Wally, chosen, beautiful, large. *A bonny wally*, i. e. a fine thing.

Wame, womb.

Wandough, want of dought, impotent.

Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.

War, worse.

Warlock, wizard.

Wat or *wit*, to know.

Waught, a large draught.

Wauchts, drinks largely.

Wee, little; as, *A wanton wee thing*.

Wean or *wee ane*, a child.

Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.

Weer, to stop or oppose.

Weir, war.

Weird, fate or destiny.

Weit, rain.

Wersb, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.

Wbawk, whip, beat, flog.

Wbid, to fly quickly. *A wbid* is a hasty flight.

Wbilk, which.

Wbilly, to cheat. *Wbilly-wba*, a cheat.

Wbingeing, whining, speaking with a doleful tone.

Wbins, furze.

Wbisbt, hush. Hold your peace.

Wbisk, to pull out hastily.

Wbomlit, turned upside down.

Wight, stout, clever, active; item, a man or person.

Wbimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river

Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.

Winna, will not.

Winnocks, windows.

Winsom, gaining, desirable,

- agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsome love*.
Wirrykow, a bugbear
Wisent, parched, dry, withered.
Whistle, to exchange money.
Witbersbins, cross motion, or against the sun.
Woo or *W*, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus, *z, a, e, w*; (*i. e.*) Is it all one wool?
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! strange! wonderful.
Wreatbs, (of snow), when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wysing, inclining. *To wyse*, to lead, train.
- Wyson*, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. *lame*.
- Y
- YAmph*, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a long desire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea, wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youditb, youthfulness.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.

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THE END.

